

READ! READ! READ!
NEW STORE,
IN NO. 3 EMPIRE BLOCK.

J. LOUDERMILCH
IS NOW READY

DRY GOODS,
And cordially invites the purchasing community
to call and examine his stock.

Feeling Confident

INSURE SATISFACTION.

SHAWLS,

CLOTHS,

DRESS GOODS,

Carpet, and Oil Cloths,

Cassimeres,

Mourning Goods,

White Goods,

Embroideries,

Lawn,

Hosiery,

Gloves,

Hoop Skirts, &c.

Lowest Cash Rates

LOOK HERE!

The Grover & Baker

Sewing Machine.

THE VERY HIGHEST PRIZE

THE CROSS

THE LEGION OF HONOR,

Was Conferred on the Representative

OF THE

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE,

AT THE

THE Tiffin Tribune.

VOLUME 21.

TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1868.

NUMBER 8.

THE Tiffin Tribune.

THE PORTAL PATCH QUILT.

I only knew she came and went
Like a phantom of a pool—
She was a phantom of a pool—
And I was like a fool!
"O'neekle dear maid," I said, and
sighed,
"out of those lips unspoken,
She shows her ringlets round her
head,
And laughed in merry scorn."
Ring out ye bells to the wild sky,
You hear them, O my heart!
"The twilight night, by the castle
door,
Beloved, we must part!"
"Come back, come back!" she
cried in grief,
"My eyes are dim with tears—
How shall I live through all the
days,
Through all the life of years?"
"Tears in the prime of summer
time
She blent me with her hand;
Was my heart a phantom of a pool—
Into the dreaming land."
The laughing bells rang low
To the heart dark brown hair—
No maiden may with her compare
Most beautiful, most rare!
I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand,
The precious golden link,
I calmed her fears, and she was
mine—
As dew-drops on a pink.
And as I won my General's
And walked in Paradise—
The fairest thing that ever grew—
A treasure beyond price.

JOHN HENTHORN'S TRIAL.

From the Quiver (English) Magazine.

One by one the charges were read
over. He, John Henthorn, stood
charged with having stolen a hand-
some gold watch, four other articles
of jewelry, and some bank notes, from
Ebenzer Grant, commercial
traveler; and he was charged on the
second count with having the above
mentioned articles in his possession,
knowing them to have been stolen.—
He was only a lad—just eighteen; he
had no friends in the great city,
which seemed to him so hard hearted,
at that moment to be continuing
its business with the same eager roar
as ever, while he stood on his trial.
He had no friends? Yes, he had a
dear little friend—his sister, Lucy.
She was standing by, listening to the
person who read over these charges
in a hard, dry, matter-of-fact style,
and then asked her brother—yes, though
she could not hardly believe it,
it was her own brother John, who
stood there in the dock, between two
policemen—asked her brother whether
he was guilty or not guilty.

She listened eagerly for John's reply.
She saw his mouth open and make
an ineffectual effort to form the
words; at length, with a gasp it came,
"Not guilty!"

Little Lucy breathed more freely.
Her little finger was laid upon her
lips; but her eyes were bright and an-
xious, not so much anxious as
watchful and eager. She knew now
—for she had heard her brother
speak—that John was innocent; and
though she knew—for she was nearly
fashioned—how sorely John might
have been tempted by necessity, yet
John's word had been passed, and
John was innocent.

John was innocent; but John must
be proved innocent. She knew that
the gentlemen ranged in rows
before the Judge were all clever law-
yers, who could prove that John had
stolen nothing; so she slipped down
from the crowd among which she was
standing, and, being so small, she
passed unobserved to the corner of
the lawyer's seats. She watched
all their faces for a long time. Some
of them were busily engaged turning
over great masses of paper and parch-
ment; others were sitting moodily
with their hands upon their fore-
heads, briefcase barristers who were
meditating on the inequalities of the
world, and how it was that "that
densely stupid Fumblefrump had his
hands full of cases," and they "who
could be his head off at billiards,"
could be any other gentlemanly employ-
ment; they were left briefless. Among
these unhappy and involuntarily idle
barristers, was one who had for four-
teen years frequented the Courts, and
never met with that treasure—a
brief. He had no connection—no
one to give him a start. His little
fortune was ebbing slowly away. He
had managed to pick up a few pounds
in a variety of ways. He had some-
times communicated the first intelli-
gence of an appalling accident,
which he had been fortunate enough
to witness, to some of the daily pa-
pers, and had received a few shillings
for his trouble. But bit by bit his
little capital—the careful, hard-
earned savings of a loving father, the
vicar of a little country living—dwind-
led away. He was thinking with his
head between his hands—thinking
bitterly of his unprofitable life; he
contrasted his own position of
compulsory idleness and unavoidable
idleness with the industrious and
useful toil of the day-laborer. He
glanced at the rough-handed man re-
turning from his work—tired, but
not exhausted—the merry faces and
the hearty greeting—the crowding
children, and the radiant faced wife.
He thought of himself, Edmund
Carew, returning to his lonely cham-
bers with pale face and dejected ap-
pearance; and Edmund Carew was about
to curse the day of his birth, when a
light finger was laid upon his elbow,
and a face paler and sadder than his
own looked up at him.

"Will you make the Judge let my
brother off?"

"Who is your brother, little wo-
man?"

"John Henthorn."

"Now, by some means or other, Ed-
mund Carew's ears had heard the
charges against the lad in the dock,
and his memory had retained the
outline of the case, though his mind
had been occupied with bemoaning
his own unhappy lot. He looked up
at the lad, and saw a fine, manly-
looking young fellow confronting
the whole court. In an instant a
lesson was taught to the young law-
yer. Here was a youth, friendless
in a great city, and yet boldly keep-
ing a good heart in the presence of a
most crushing and cruel trial. The
sight lent fresh courage to the brief-
less barrister's heart.

The Judge spoke:
"Have you any counsel?"
"No, my lord," said John.
"Then, Mr. Fumblefrump, I think
—"

"Pardon me, my lord," said Ed-
mund, rising, "the prisoner was not
aware, but I am instructed by his
friends to undertake his defense."

His friends! John looked around
in amazement. His friends! Yes, the
barrister had said his friends; but he
could not understand it; for he could
not see his little Lucy—standing by
the barrister's side.

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but the firm for which he traveled
was not to be found in the directory.
Before he left the court he was ar-
rested on more than one charge, and
there was some talk of indicting
him for perjury.

John Henthorn was acquitted, of
course, and he and little Lucy were
invited to go, together with Edmund
Carew, to dine with old Mr. Blenkins-
opp. And then John Henthorn told
his story. After receiving the watch
and notes he remained at the "Blue
Boat," in the hope of hearing of
some employment. While waiting
he met Mr. Ebenzer Grant, who had
been most affable and most prodigal
of his promises to get John employ-
ment. John admitted that he was
much taken with his companion, and
that he confided in him. He told
him of the curious old gentleman
who had entrusted his property to
him; he showed him the watch
and notes; and Mr. Ebenzer Grant
had taken a great deal of interest in
the story, and examined the watch
and notes, and pronounced on the
quality of both. He had endeavored
to persuade John to give them up to
him to keep; he had declared he
knew the old gentleman quite well,
and when he found that his task was
unsuccessful, he made hints which
John did not understand then, but
the meaning of which he now under-
stood fully, viz: that they should go
off with the money and divide the
spoil.

John then told more of his own
history. How his mother had died
when he was young, and his father
only leaving him the watch and other
articles were found by him at the
prisoner's lodgings, No. 137 Zebedee
street.

While these witnesses were being
examined, an old gentleman had made
his way into court. He now sat be-
side Edmund Carew, he wore a large
pair of gold spectacles, from beneath
which, there beamed a pair of benev-
olent-looking eyes. He never looked
about him, but kept his eyes fixed
on the witnesses, as one by one, they
flashed the box.

Edmund Carew examined the
witnesses for the prosecution. His
interest was roused; he was working
for another; his own troubles were
forgotten; it was a new joy to him to
find some one whom he, helpless and
use